

LAST DAYS OF

SPIDER



JOHNSON

SECRET
WARS
MARVEL

007
THOMPSON
FORD
HERRING

AS A TEENAGER, CINDY MOON WAS BITTEN BY THE SAME SPIDER THAT BIT PETER PARKER, GIVING HER POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN: POWERS OF ADHESION, A UNIQUE PRECOGNITIVE AWARENESS OF DANGER, AND THE ABILITY TO WEAVE SPIDERWEBS FROM HER FINGERTIPS. SHE NOW SWINGS THROUGH THE SKIES OF NEW YORK CITY AS



CINDY MOON HAS BEEN WORKING AT THE FACT CHANNEL, WHERE SHE AND J. JONAH JAMESON HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIND HER MISSING FAMILY. IN HER BRIEF TIME PROTECTING NEW YORK AS SILK, CINDY HAS LEARNED THAT ONE OF THE CITY'S SUPER VILLAINS KNOWN AS 'THE REPAIRMAN' WAS WORKING FOR THE PEOPLE WHO KIDNAPPED HER PARENTS, AND THEY WANT HER DNA FOR STUDY! UNFORTUNATELY, BEFORE CINDY LEARNED WHO THIS MYSTERIOUS GROUP WAS, 'THE REPAIRMAN' WAS KILLED WHEN BLACK CAT DESTROYED HIS WORKSHOP! SHE HASN'T GIVEN UP HER SEARCH FOR THEM, THOUGH, EVEN AS THE END OF THE WORLD HAS BEGUN.

BUT FIRST, SHE'S STOPPING BY HER PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE FOR A LISTENING EAR.

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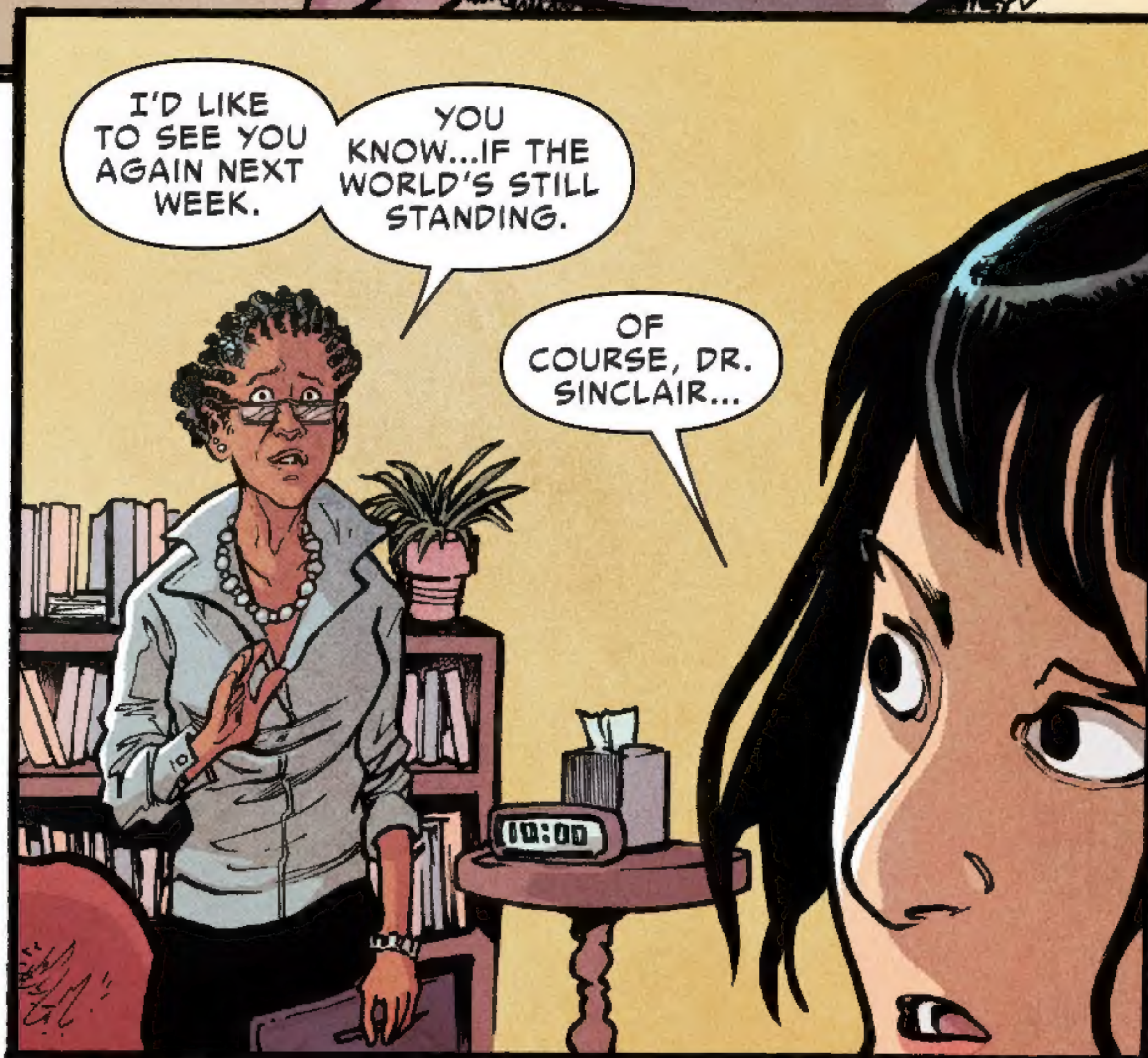
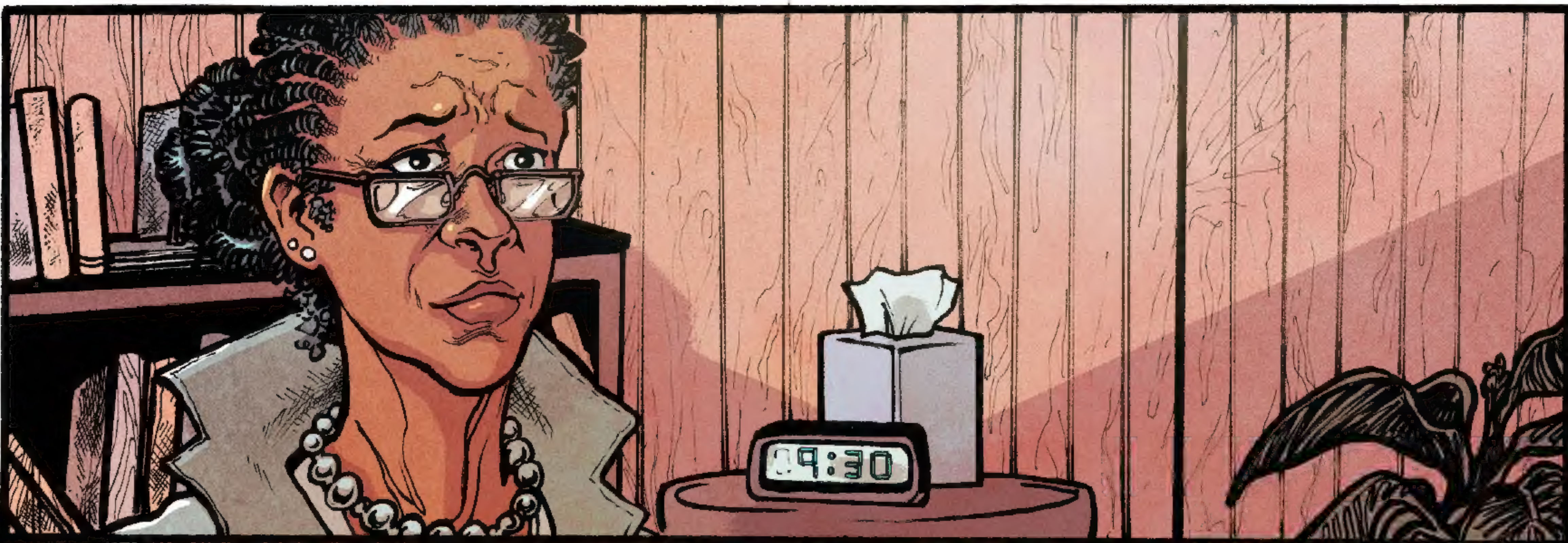
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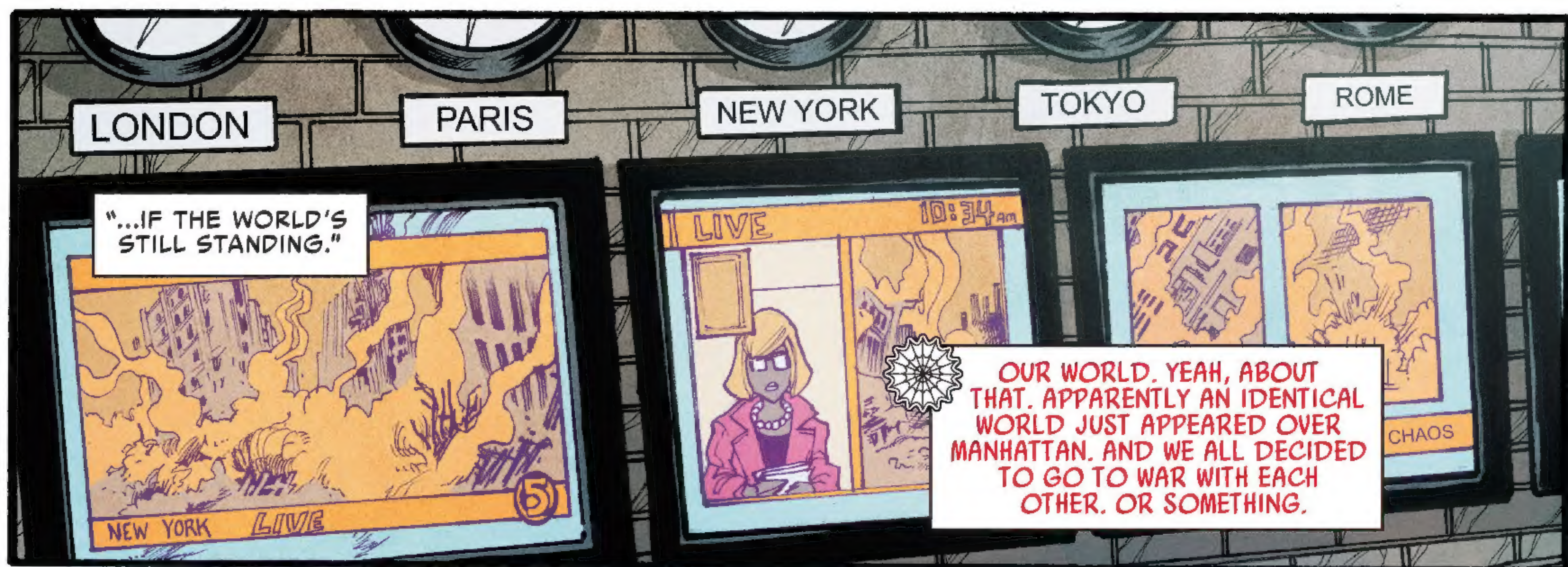
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YES, MR. JAMESON?
CLOSE THE DOOR.
WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME.

SIR?



I'VE COVERED THE END OF THE WORLD A HANDFUL OF TIMES.
BUT THIS ONE... WELL... IT LOOKS LIKE A KEEPER.



I TALKED TO MY FRIENDS IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.
THERE ARE NO RECORDS OF YOUR FAMILY ANYWHERE.



BUT...



A YOUNG MAN NAMED JAMES PARK WAS ARRESTED A FEW MONTHS AGO AFTER BEING IN A SINGLE-CAR ACCIDENT.

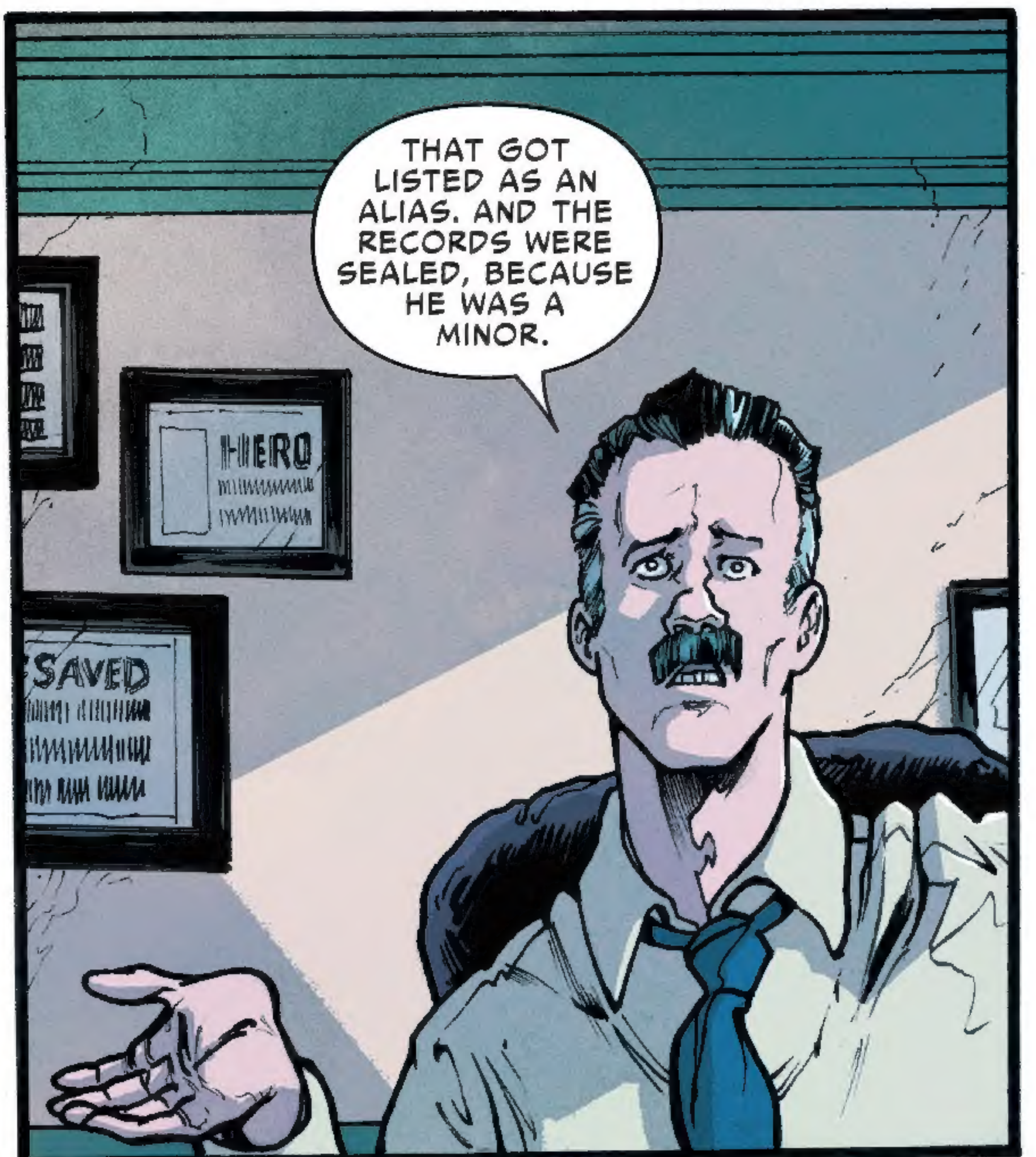
HE WAS...WELL... HE WAS ON SOME KIND OF DESIGNER DRUG.

AND HE WAS INVOLVED WITH A GANG CALLED THE GOBLIN NATION.



WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH--

WHEN THE POLICE FIRST ASKED JAMES HIS NAME...HE SAID IT WAS ALBERT MOON.



THAT GOT LISTED AS AN ALIAS. AND THE RECORDS WERE SEALED, BECAUSE HE WAS A MINOR.

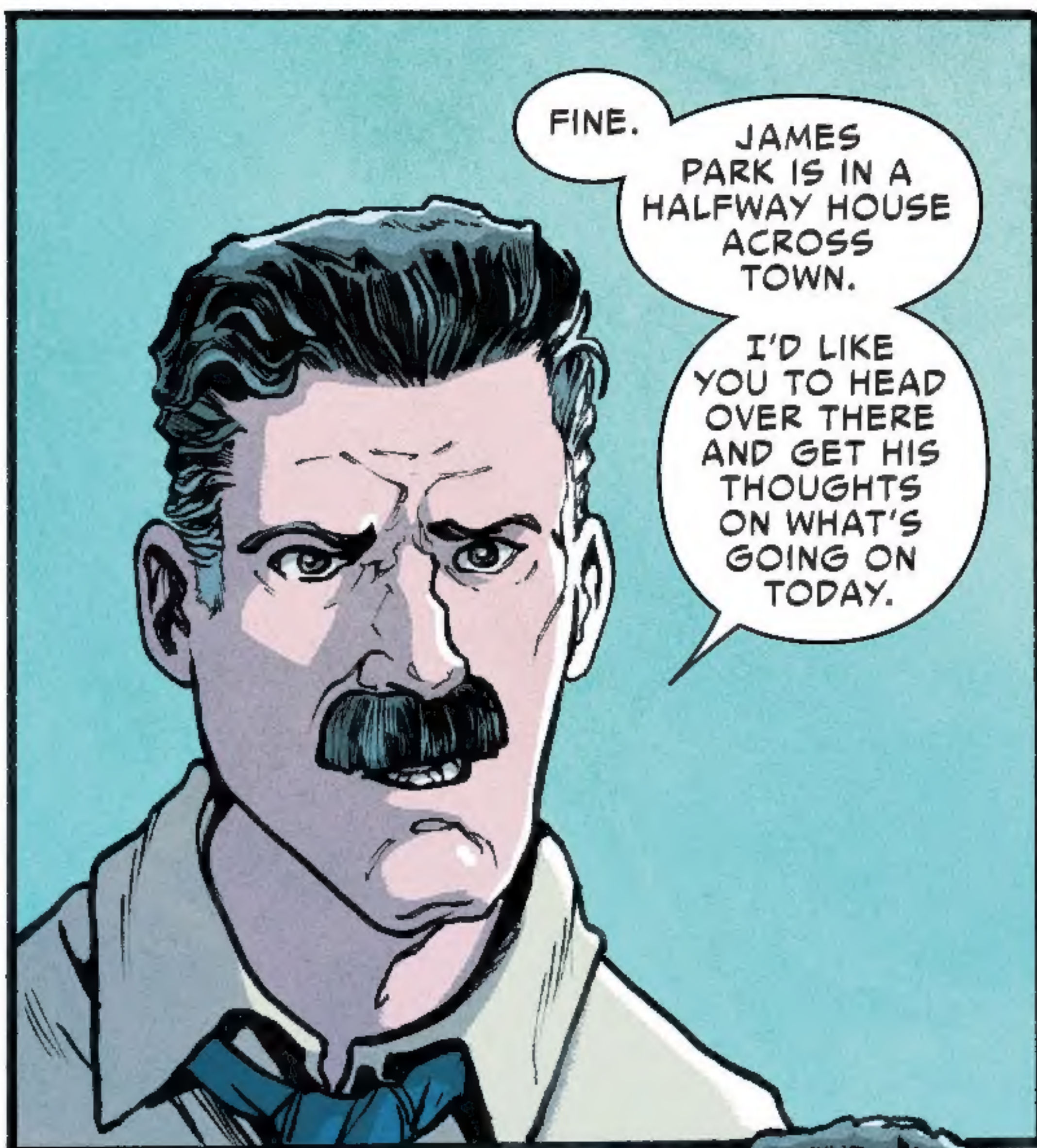


THAT CAN'T BE MY BROTHER. CAN'T BE. HE NEVER EVEN TOOK ADVIL. AND A GANG?

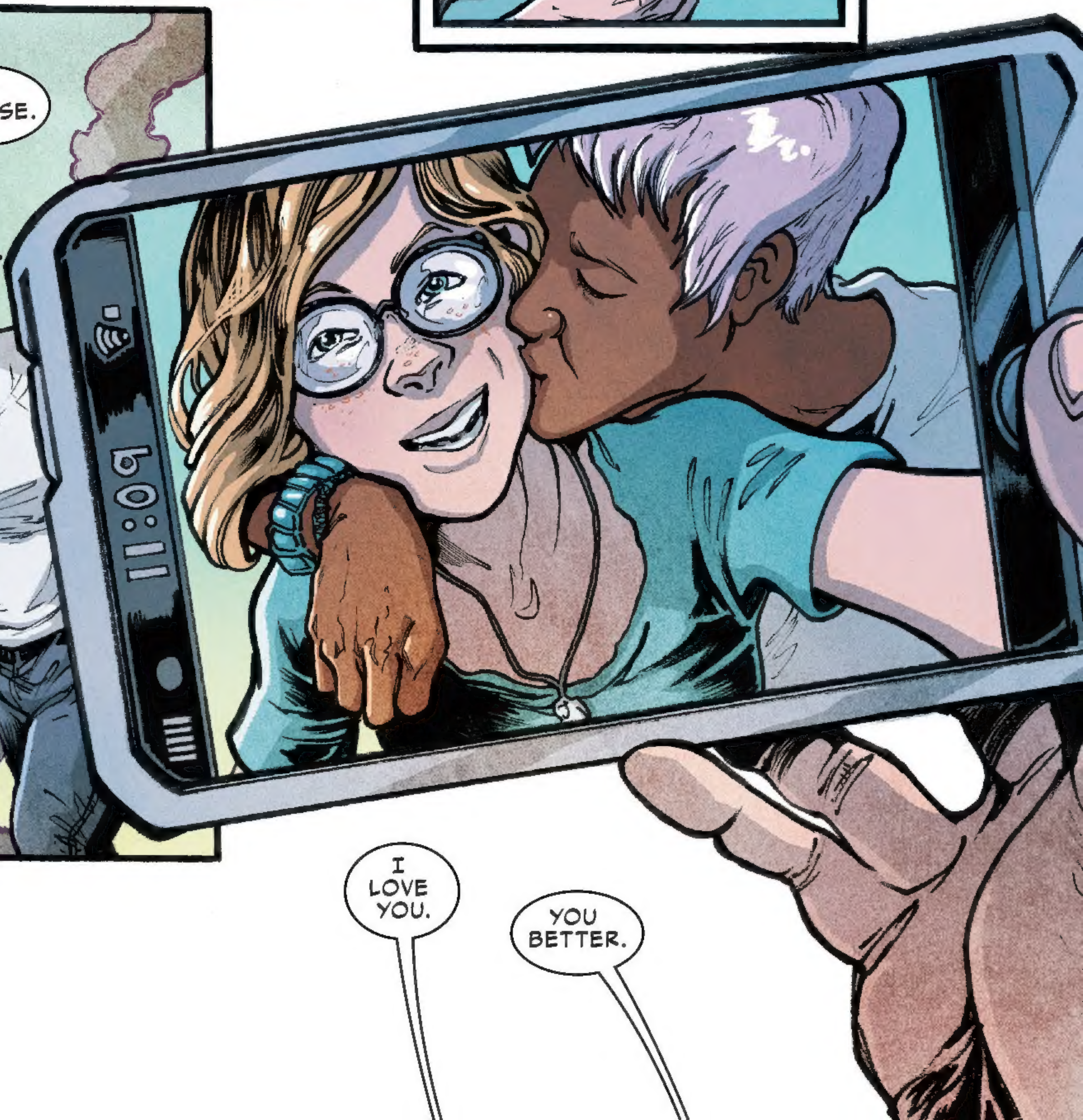
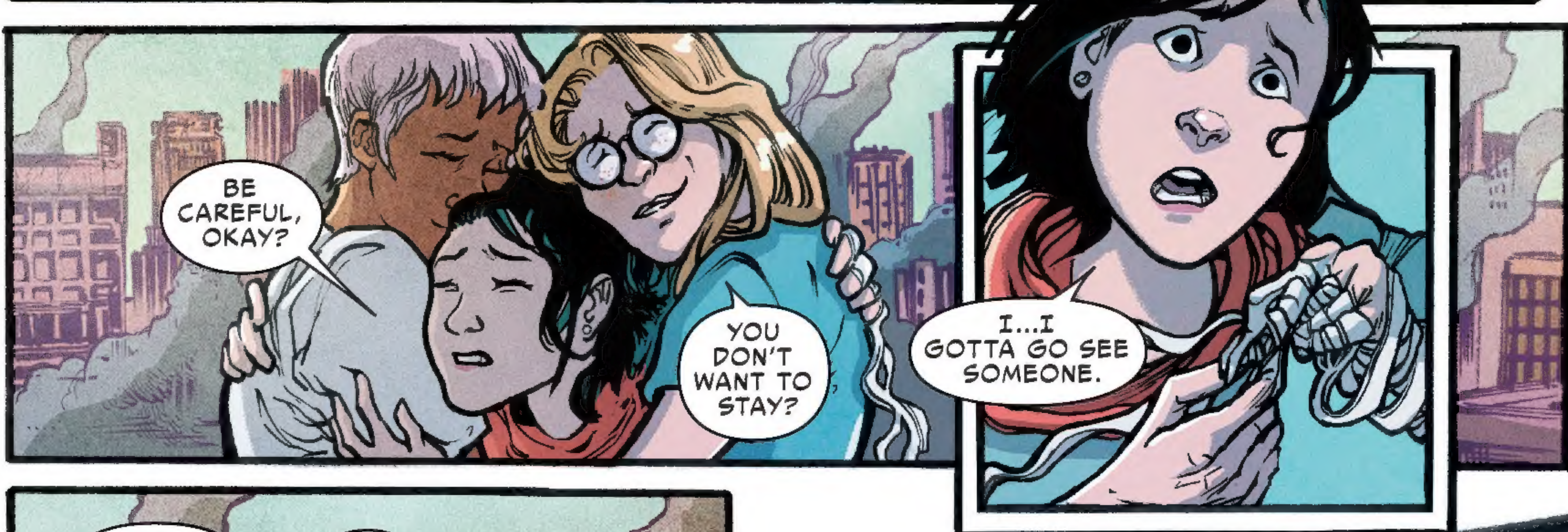
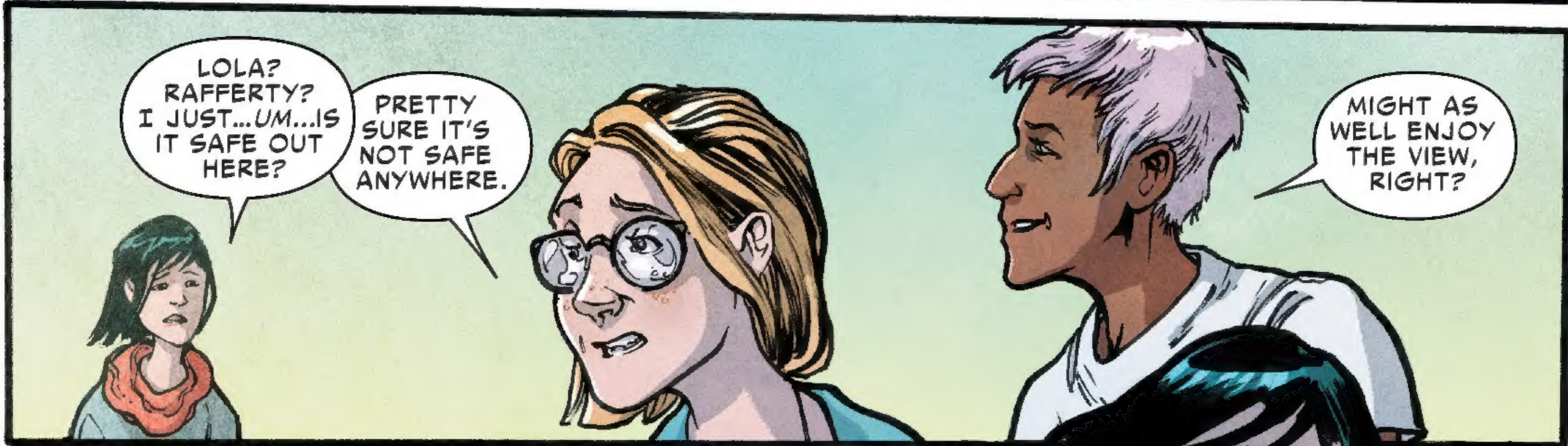
NO.

MR. JAMESON, I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, BUT... THIS ISN'T MY BROTHER.

NOW, HOW CAN I HELP WITH--



NOT SURE
IF MY HAND IS
HEALED UP YET,
NO IDEA IF MY
WEBBING WILL
WORK OUT OF
MY BEAT UP
FINGERTIPS--*





I CALLED
PETER.

NO
ANSWER.

I HOPE
HE'S FAR
AWAY FROM
ALL THIS.

EVEN THOUGH
I KNOW HE'S
KNEE-DEEP
IN THIS.

WHATEVER
THIS IS.

GOOD
LUCK, PETER.



AT LEAST
MY WEBS ARE
WORKING FROM
BOTH HANDS.
FOR NOW
ANYWAY.

OKAY...
MOVE,
CIN...

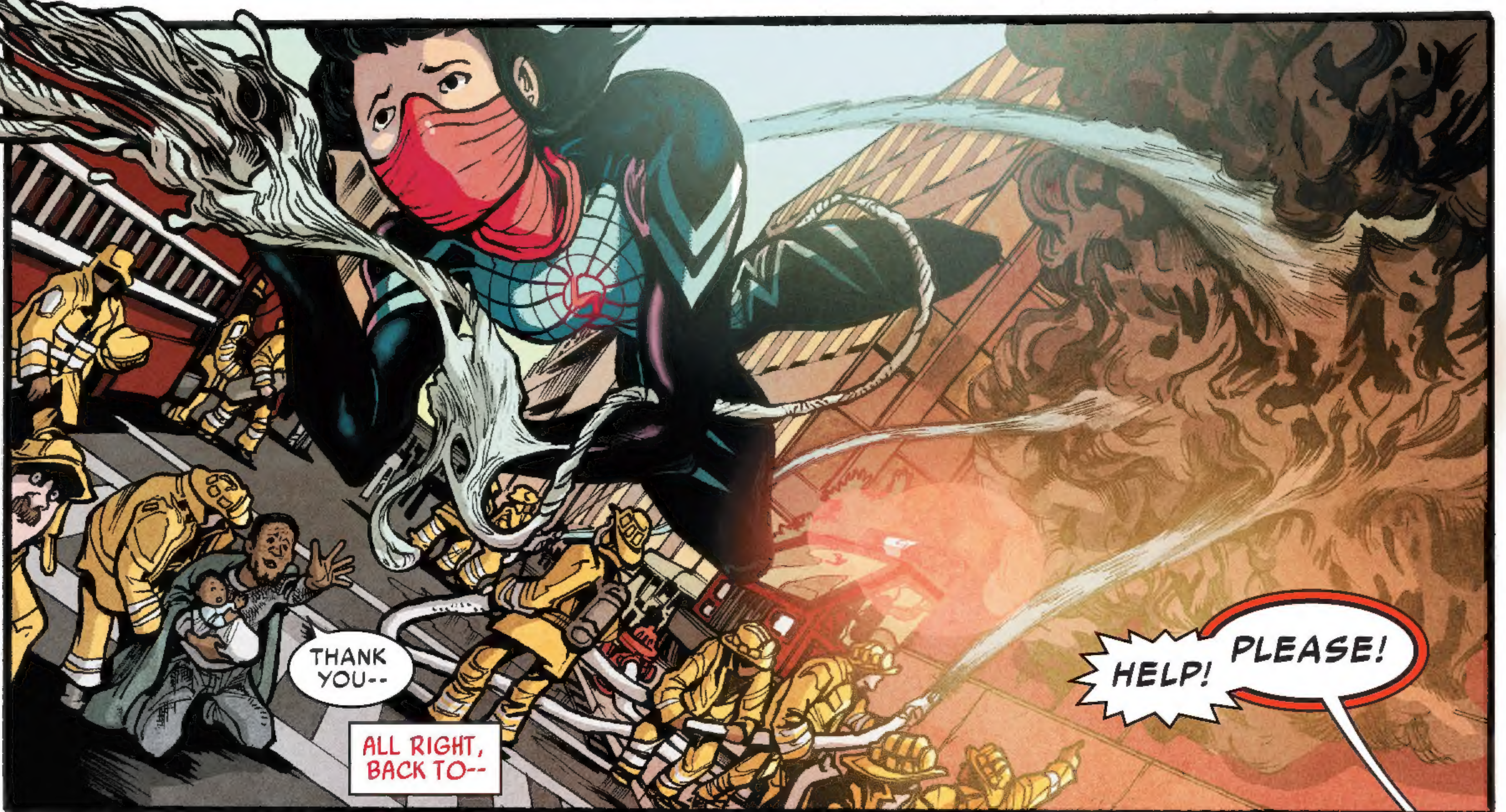
HELP!



OR--



--HELP
THAT
DUDE.



THANK
YOU--

ALL RIGHT,
BACK TO--

HELP! PLEASE!

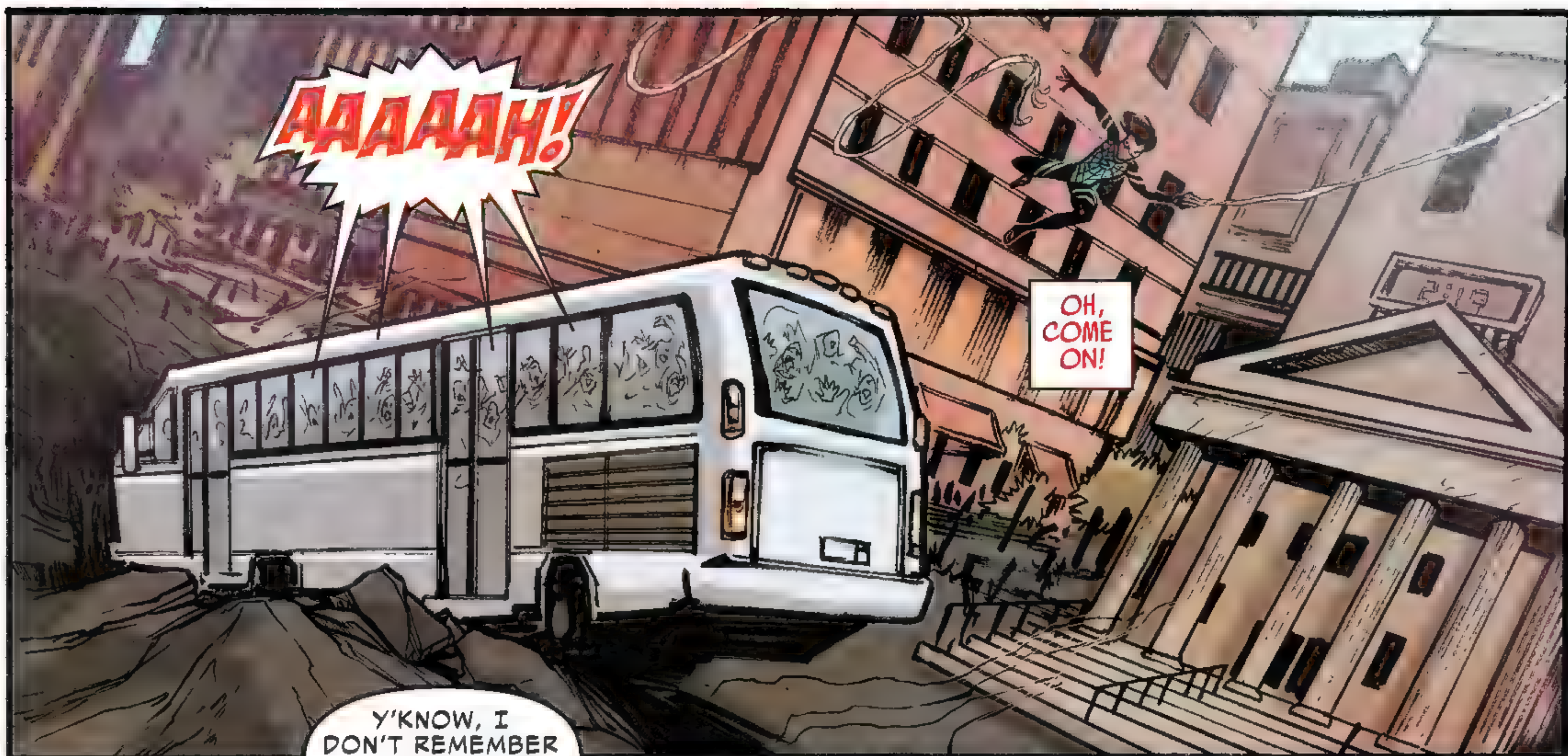


JUST...

...GOTTA...

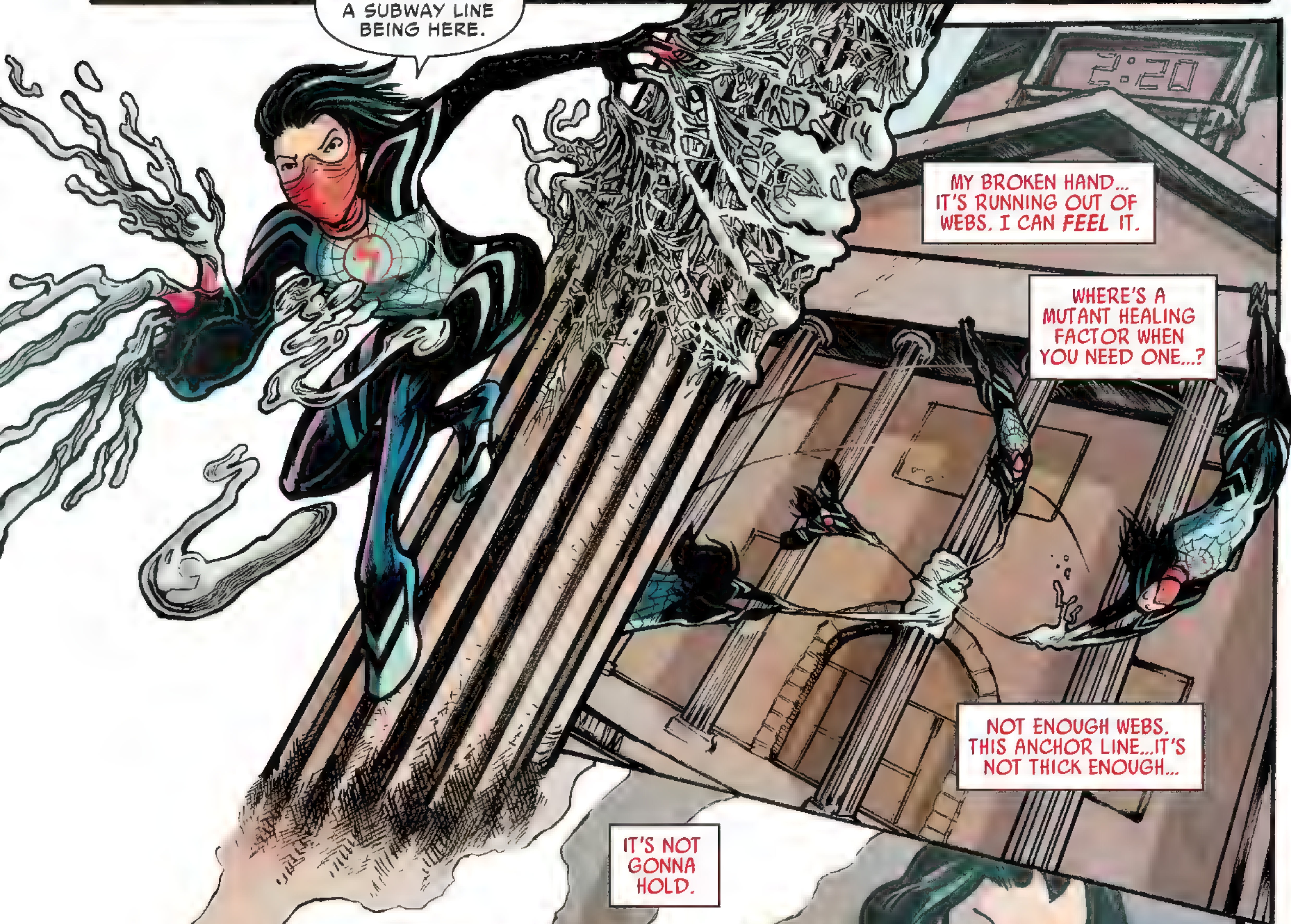
...KEEP...

...MOVING!



Y'KNOW, I DON'T REMEMBER A SUBWAY LINE BEING HERE.

OH, COME ON!



MY BROKEN HAND... IT'S RUNNING OUT OF WEBS. I CAN FEEL IT.

WHERE'S A MUTANT HEALING FACTOR WHEN YOU NEED ONE...?

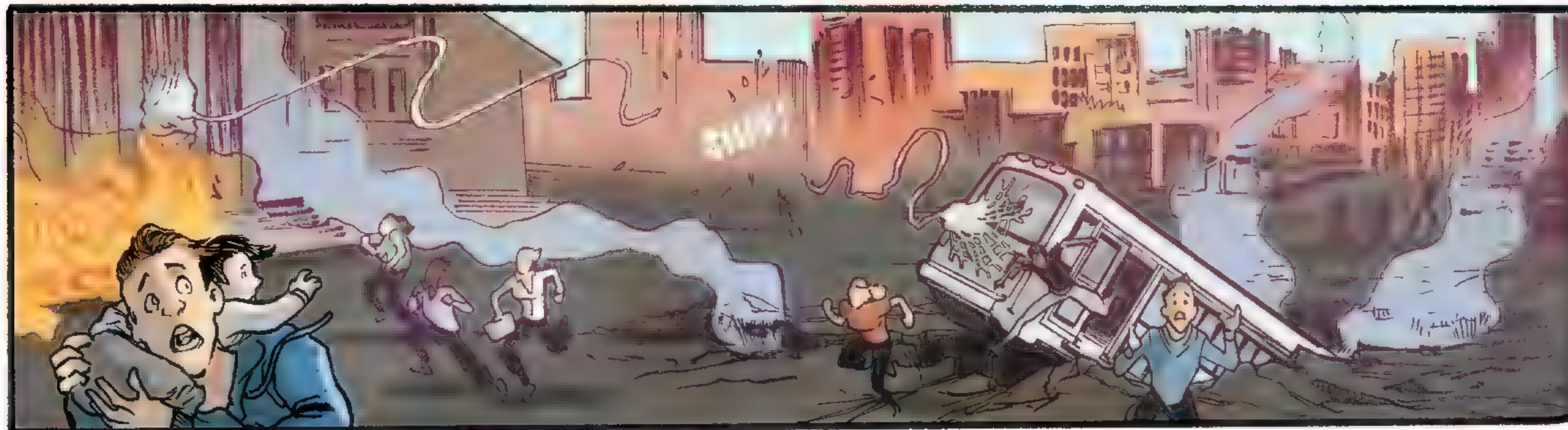
NOT ENOUGH WEBS. THIS ANCHOR LINE...IT'S NOT THICK ENOUGH...

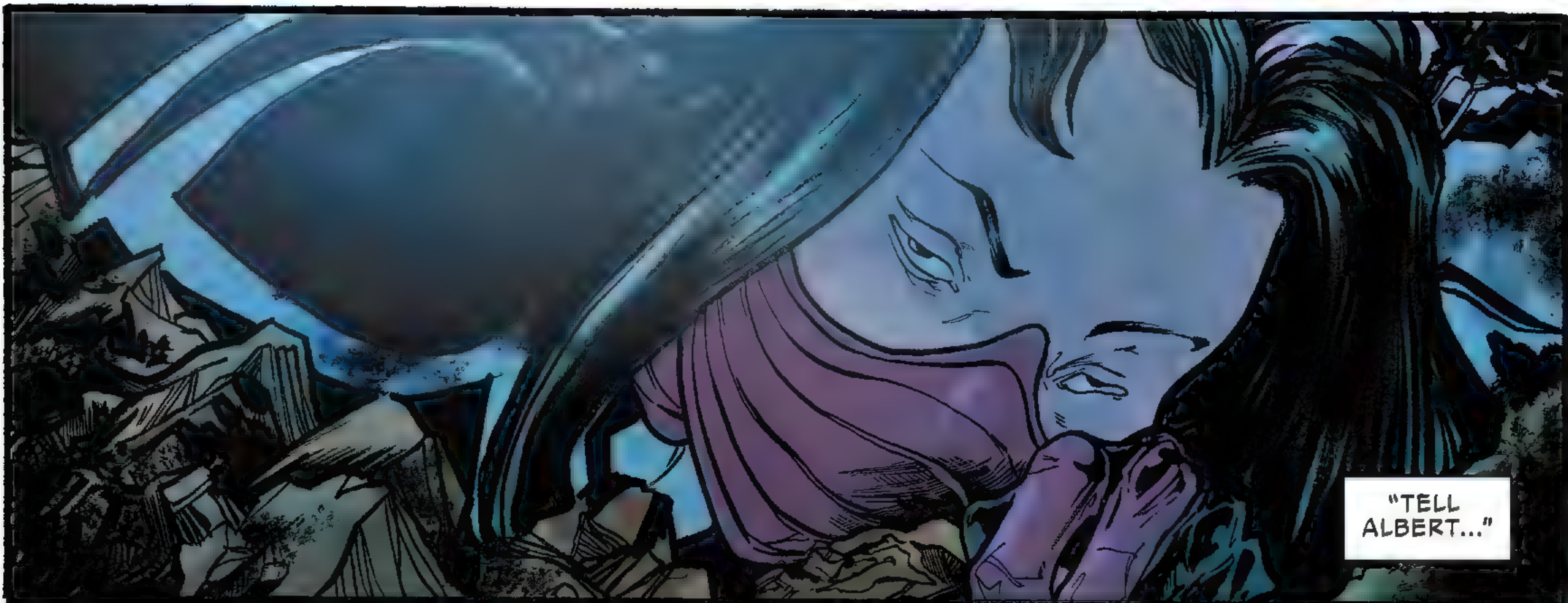
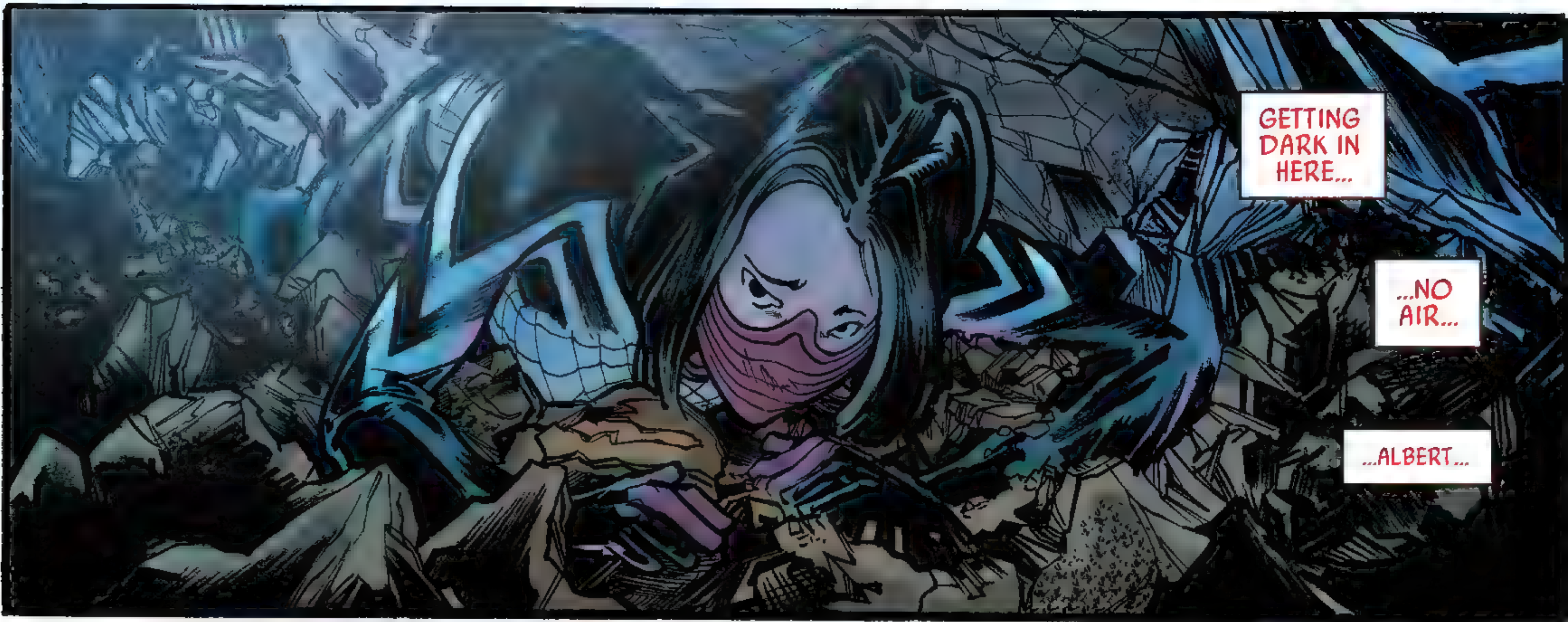
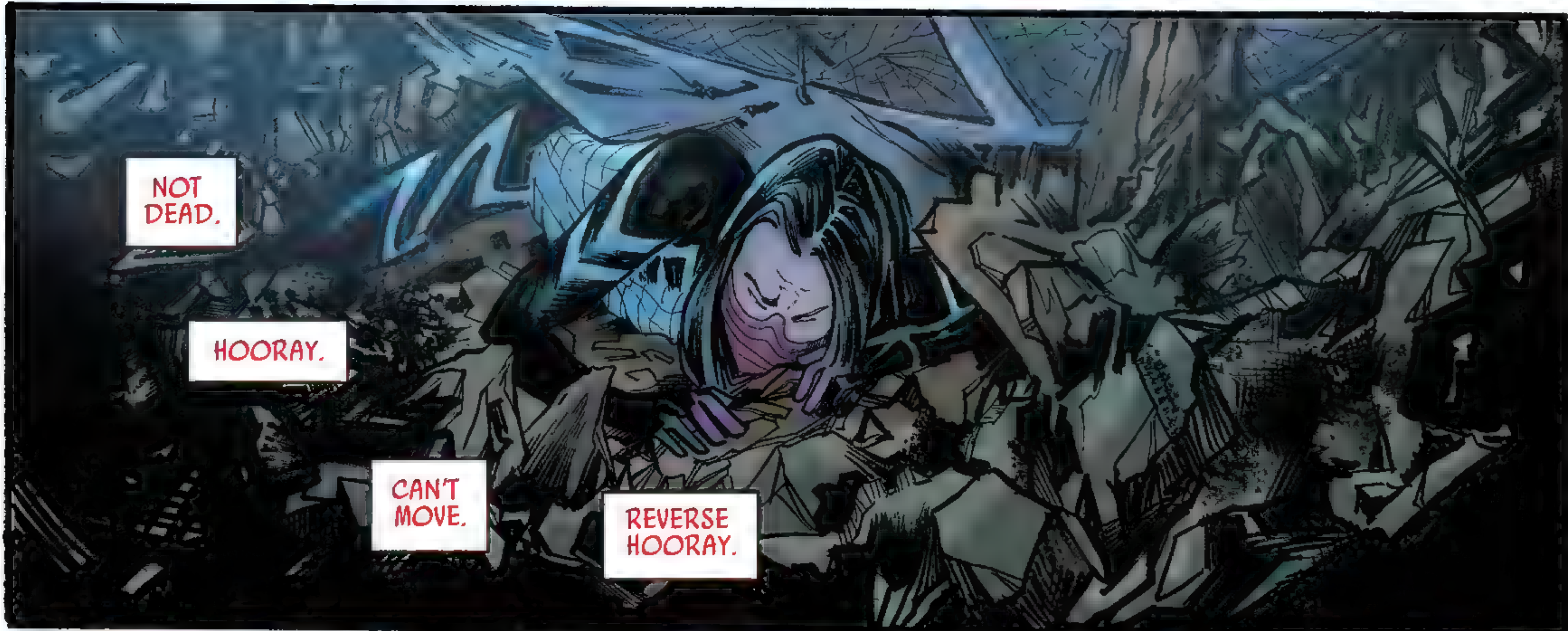
IT'S NOT GONNA HOLD.



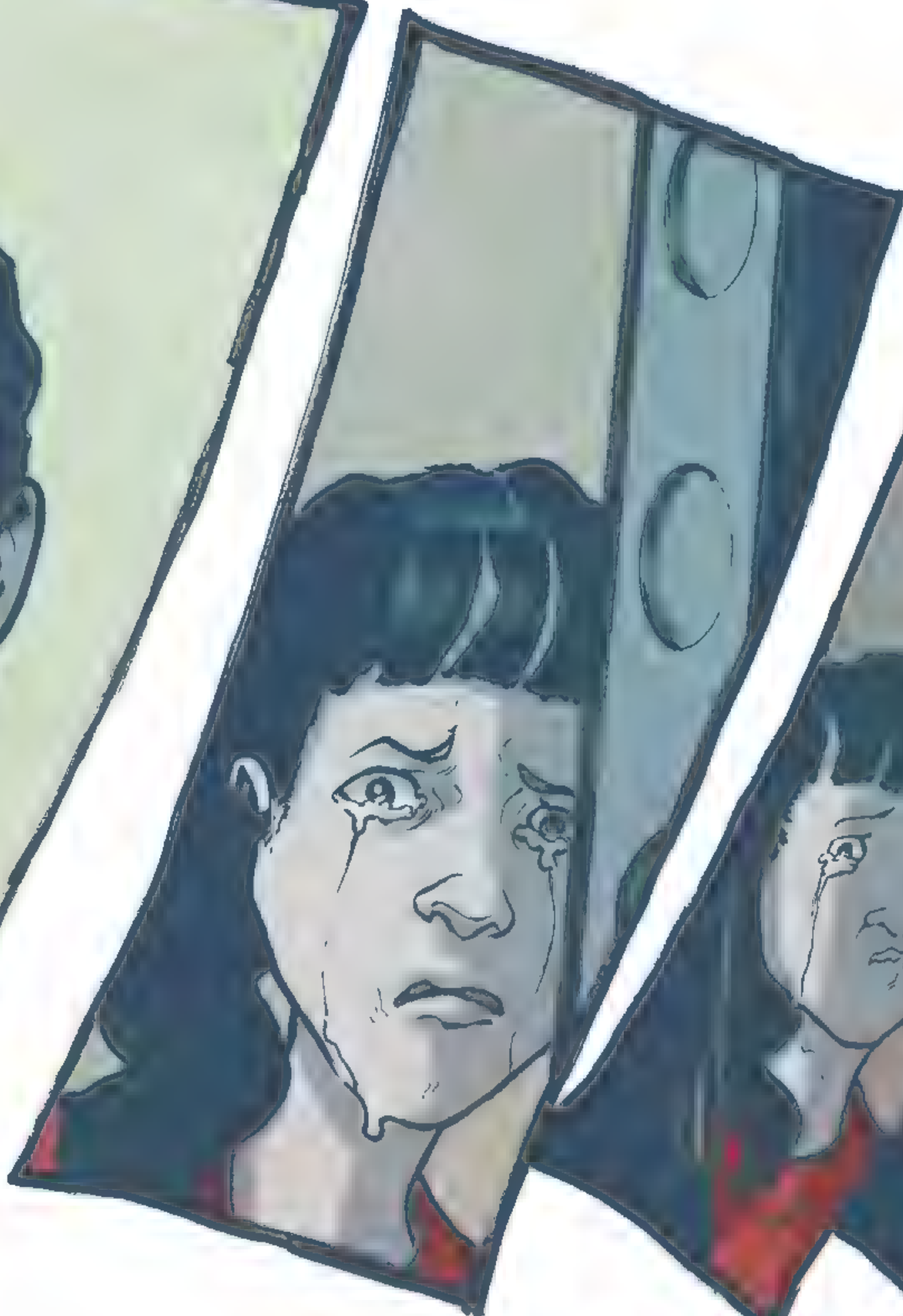
WHICH MEANS...

...THIS IS PROBABLY GONNA HURT.









"SILK?"

"SILK...UM...
LITTLE HELP?"

WHAT
THE CRAP
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

NICE TO
SEE YOU,
TOO.

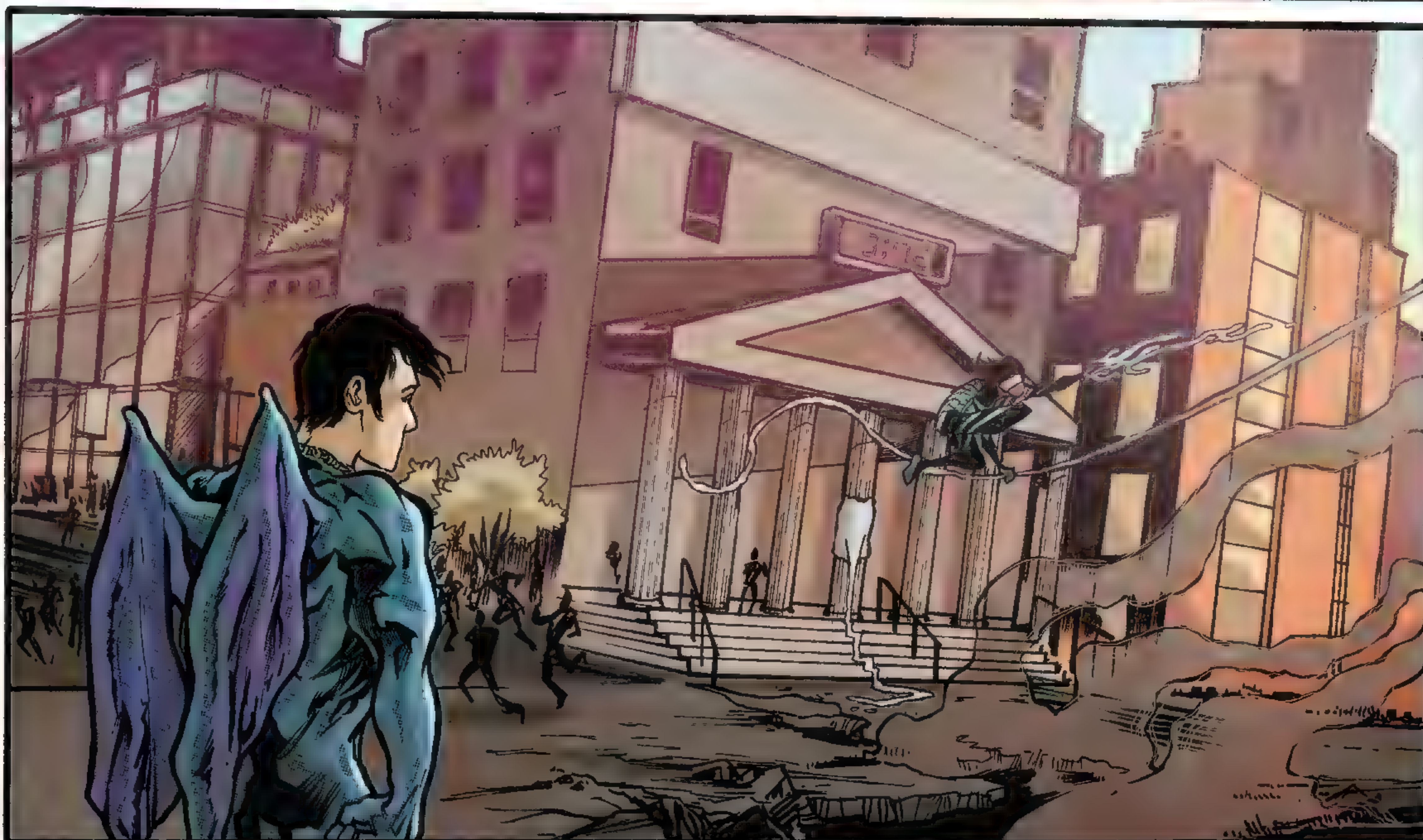
HARRIS PORTER.
AKA POKEMON DUDE.
AKA RAGE...AKA...
MY FRIEND.

THANKS. WHERE'S
MARIE?

WITH MY
NEIGHBOR IN
MY APARTMENT
BUILDING'S
BASEMENT.

I HEARD
PEOPLE
CRYING OUT...
PUT ON THE
SUIT...WANTED
TO HELP,
BUT...

THIS
IS BAD,
ISN'T
IT?





THIS IS IT.

UNLESS THIS ISN'T A TOTAL DEAD END.



DEAD ENDS NO MATTER WHERE I TURN NOW.



--KEEP MOVING, PEOPLE!

'SCUSE ME...

YOU SOME KINDA HERO?

UH, SURE.

I'M SILK.

NEVER HEARD OF YOU.

UNLESS YOU'RE HERE TO HELP THE EVAC, GET OUTTA MY WAY.

